God keep you safe, my little love, All through the night ; e in His encircling arms Until the light. My heart to with you as I kneel to pray.

Good night! God keep you in his care alway Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts About my head : I lose myself in tender dreams,

While overhead The moon comes stealing through the window A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For L though I am far away, Feel safe and strong To trust you thus, dear lo e-and yet-

The night is long-I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer, Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere !

An Aristocratic Bravo.

It was late in the evening on the 4th of September, 1799, that the Emperor Paul of Russia was excitedly pacing his plainly-furnished bed-room. Every now and then he stood still,

and glanced at a letter which he held in his hand.

"She cannot come, she writes," he exclaimed. "Holy Ivan, she must come. I am too deeply enamored of said Paul, with a terrible scowl. "I her. The pretext for her refusal is her have a notion to ring this bell and send husband's jealousy."

He burst into a scornful laugh. foot angrily. "What do I care for the knees. jealousy of such an old curmudgeon as the Count Ereschinsky, who is married Then he said in a loud tone of voice: to the most charming young wife in the world! She cannot possibly love him. excellent swordsman." He is too old and ugly for that, Mine she must and shall become, and I am sure from what she has given me to understand that she would not be very averse to become my mistress, if she could safely do so. But how shall I arrange this? I cannot send Count Ereshinsky, who served my mother and me so faithfully, to Siberia, nor

The Emperor's brutal face assumed an expression of the most violent rage. He stamped his foot angrily, and gave vent to the most shocking blasphemy. Then he threw himself upon his couch, and, as was his habit, speedily

Next morning he awoke in a very

When his valet entered the bed-room in order to dress him, the Czar cursed him fearfully, flung a glass of water at the terrified servant, and then ordered him to send for the Minister of Police.

That functionary, who had to make every morning an oral report to the Emperor Paul, was already in waiting in one of the ante-rooms of the Winter lowing morning. Palace, when he was summoned to the bed-chamber of his imperial master.

"Well," shouted the Czar to him, in his coarse way, "what do you report to-day, Baron Couberg?"

"Very little, your Majesty," was the Minister's humble reply; "only one rather remarkable man arrived yesterday at St. Petersburg.

"Who is he?" ' Baron Loirot D'Estang, a French refugee."

"What is there remarkable about him?" asked the Emperor.

The Minister repiled in an undertone: "Your Majesty, I cannot say whether what I have heard about this

ruy_'' miserable French spy yours?"

"Yes, sire. Baron Loirot D'Estang is a great scoun- band and had killed him

"Pshaw!" interrupted the Czar. "Most of the French refugees here in St. Petersburg are."

"Very true, your Majesty; but Du ruy told me that M. D'Estang is a very peculiar sort of a scoundrel. He is an aristocratic bravo, a professional duelist, who, for a certain sum of money, duct. will challenge the person who has beman, and invariably kills his adversar- as a private in a frontier regiment.

The Czar had become very thought-

"Tell me more about this dangerous fellow," he said, after a pauso.

The Minister of Police took a sheet of paper from his portfolio, and read as follows:

"Victor Edmund Baron Loirot D'Estang is about forty-five years old. He was also the rank of Baron Loirot was in his youth a cadet in the French D'Estang, whom Paul's successor, Alarmy, but was cashicred for theft. Be- exander the First, who did not know ing an excellent swordsman, the Duke the true character of the man, had de Montmorency hired him to challenge rapidly promoted. and kill the Marquis Vontoade. Loirot D'Estang did so, and received ten thouhend francs for this premeditated mur- met accidently in front of the tent of

der. The Prince de Rohan employed General Milordovitch. him for a similar purpose; but D'Estang had to flee from France. He went to Turin, where the Duke of Aosta you the assassin of my father?" hired him to challenge and kill Count Nicini, whose wife the Duke had seduced. Next D'Estang turned up in Vienna, where he carned a great deal of money in the same abominable man-

"Send D'Estang to me at once!" interrupted the Czar. "I will receive him in private audience as soon as possible. I must see this monster of a duel- Toulouse to Bordeaux, in France, in six ist. Maybe I will send him to Siberia after the audience. Begone!"

The Minister bowed submissively and Paul laughed diabolically as soon as

he was alone.

Attechly Merald.

VOL. III.

CLEVELAND, TENN., AUGUST 15, 1878.

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taking more than a glassful. After

Brigham Young's Estate. Brigham Young to agree in the distribution of his property will in all probability, cause a lawsuit that will attract the attention of the whole country and create as much scandal as the present squabble over Vanderbilt's estate. The contestants will be 25 wives or their heirs, consisting of 45 children. The Prophet is generally believed to have had only 19 wives, but this is undoubtedly a mistake, and if the law is inthan what was said about him in the voked it will probably be shown that Brigham had no less than 25 wives and would have had 30 if he could have persuaded certain good-looking ladies to join his family. Among the most notable of Brigham's numerous progeny may be mentioned John, Brigham, jr., Joseph, Alice and Luna, polished courtier. The Czar motloned children of his first wife. Alice wantto the Minister of Police to leave the ed to marry a Mr. Tobin, but Brigham room. Then he said sternly to the gave her to his confidential clerk, Hiram B. Clawson, who already had a wife, Luna was wild, and the Pro-"I know your antecedents, Baron phet soon married her off to a Mormon to Siberia for the impudence you dis- gentleman. Lucy Seely's son Heber has already been mentioned as one of the worst boys in Salt Lake. Mrs. Waite says: "One morning after breakfast Heber, then only ten or twelve years old went into the kitchen and undertook to help himself to anything he could find. Mr. Smith, the cook, would not permit it, when Heber seized a fork, and, with oaths, tried to stab him." This boy and a son of Harmarriage with the Prophet, had a daughter, Vilate, whom Heber Young and Feramez Little wanted to marry, but what ultimately became of her, I do not know. Formerly Brigham kept his wives in the Dion House, a sort of hotel where each had her separate apartments. The building cost about \$30,-000 and was as good as could be built in the States for \$50,000. The basement dish rooms, a dining-room, pantry, coachman's room, school room and two

The children had side-tables and their happy family and as well behaved, polite and mannerly as any in the land. Whatever heartburnings there were or jealousies the women kept them to dare show her temper at the table before the Prophet, whom they all looked up to as a god. Of late years, Brigham did not eat with his wives, his breakfast being simply a bowl of bread and milk. On rising each lady put her

Frenchman is true or not, but Du- became deeply enamored with her. He | The Prophetkept several carriages, and elleit from him the true reason why all went to the theatre, where Brig-

come obnoxious to the man that has had betraved him, caused the latter to hired him. He is a matchless swords- be sent to Siberia, where he was placed

> cluded life. Stephen Ereshinsky, after Paul had

been assussinated, entered the army, and greatly distinguished himself.

On the eve of the battle of Leipzig, Count Ereshinsky and Loirot D'Estang

He waited for no reply, but shot Loi rot D'Estang dead on the spot. Alexander the First, on hearing of the

told him everything. The affair was husbed up.

The Archibald Cat.

"Pap, Rommy is gone." Old Henry was just coming in from work, wanted his hands washed and bis supper, didn't know "Rommy," or 'Rommy's" history, and not feeling

interested, blurted out-"Who the blazes is Rommy, and where's he gone to?"

"You onfeelin' old wretch, you know just well enough who Rommy is; and I expect somebody's got him locked up.' "In the station-house, ch? Glad of it. Where's that towel?" grumbled Henry, with his eyes full of soap and

"You'll repent of your miserable conduct. Henry Archibald, in haircloth and coal ashes for this!" screamed Mrs. A. "Oh, he was so pretty, and I m-e R-o-m-m-y! where on this earth have the awfully rascally wretches taken you to," and the old lady sat with her apron over her eyes; but Martha having laid a hot flat iron in on top of the coal she got up quicker than professional grasshopper.

supper but he turned around to Martha, his beloved daughter, saying:

"Lookee here, Marth, what's the matter with the old woman, anyway. Seems to me there's an awful lot of racket going on here for a man to eat his supper and feel thankful in."

taters.'

"Henry Archibald;" remarked the old lady as she leaned gingerly against the stair door, "If I'd ever knowed you was such an onfeelin' wretch when you made love to me in the lane twentythree years ago last Thursday I'd a just

house," granted Henry.

"Martha! get that old glutton all the bread he wants and let him stuff him-

one apartments. The rooms were large, though somebody had pasted you good wife earnestly thanked him, wiped against the stair door for the advertise-Eat, heartless villain. How can you and you don't appear to care a cent."

Henry, not noticing the coming storm. mothers could eat with them if they and then Mrs. Archibald said, with

"Henry Archibald, do you mean that?" "Of course; I'm mean enough for

anything." "Henry, do you know who Rommy

"No, hanged if I co;" and Henry, preparing to leave the table, turned around on his chair and faced the old woman. The baleful glare he saw in her eye as she yelled-

stole him"-

Convinced Henry that the kitchen stove or something else was getting too missed it by about three inches; but he | pressed. struck the street door and disappeared convinced him that he had not been a in this mood now, econd too active. As he passed Oxtoby

bait. And I've got such a headache I can't stop."

pictures of the Celtic manner of conducting feasts. The former says, "At their meals they sit upon the ground, on which wolves' or dogs' skins are ny pots and spits full of

sword play, challenging each other to friendly combat, in which they only joined their extended hands and points of their swords, without injury, but sometimes they began to fight in earnest, wounding each other; in which case they became irritated, and if the others did not interfere they fought till death. In former times, also, the strongest would take up the limbs of cattle, and, if challenged by any, they fought with swords until one was killed. In Celtiberia, the lights were brought in by boys, whe cried out, "rincamus;" and speaking of lights, it may be noticed that a substitute for a candle among the Gael and Scots' farmers generally, is a slip of resinous fir wood dug out of the mosses and dried. This is called gius puil or blair, and is held beside the guid man during meals by would seem that, anciently, the chiefs had servants for the purpose of holding their rude flambeaux; and a story is related of an earl of Braidalbane show-

An Injured Female's Trick.

near the king's dish when eating.

ing some English friends these torch-

This is not a bad story of a robbery At any rate it demonstrates the ingenuity of the female brain. The scene is laid in Austria. A woman in tears -the sex, as you are probably aware can always at will turn on the waterworks; they find them so useful-arrived at the house of a priest, and poured into his kindly sympathetic ears a harrowing story of ill usage. Her husband was a drunkard, was in the habit of cruelly beating her, was-in short, the usual tale, and her prayer was that his reverence would send for her worser-half and soundly lecture him on his behavior. Moved by the evident sincerity of her grief-it showed his ignorance of woman's wiles-the and not stand up there a-lookin' as good father readily consented; and the her eyes and went on her way rejoicing. ment of the fat woman at a side show." Her way took her to a shop of a silver- the frightful capitulation. What an smith to whom she said the priest in ask me to eat. Oh! my Rommy's gone | question wished to see some handsome eternal shame! snuff-boxes, from which to select one "Can't say I do. Martha pass that for a present, and appointed for his visit the very hour upon which she and the good father had previously agreed interested in the enormous tenements of "Wen't have far to go," observed as the time when the lecture be administered. The worthy silversmith high as steeples. The narrow doors at on the other, wisdom ever acquiesces repaired to the priest's house and was the base of these monumental houses with the present, and is never dissatisreceived at the door by the woman he had already seen, and whom, in the ing on the white stone stairs that lead innocence of his heart he believed to be up and up, ten and twelve stories into the servant. She directed him to leave the sky. Lower Edinburgh lives up ever much the latter may admire the his parcel with her and proceed up there in decent poverty. Little children generosity of the giver, he can love as stairs to the sitting-room. Arriving look out of the lofty windows into the he had previously done-no more. there, his host lost no time in commencing the exhortation, when ensued the valley nearly two hundred feet the world as the moon treats it. Show first astonishment, next indignation, below. There are flower-pots here and it only one side of yourself, seldom show and finally explanation. Of course by the time both men had thought of look- rows of tiny stockings hung to dry. What you do show be calm, cool and

Bret Harte and the Death Rate.

disappeared.

boxes she and her plunder had entirely

Bret Harte was lecturing in Pensylvania a short time ago. At one of his warm. He reached for his hat, and appointments he felt very much de-

It is a peculiarity of humorists, we through it like a patent Bliss ghost, and are told, to be unaccountably melanthe rattle of the flying coal and scuttle | choly and gloomy at times. Harte was

One of the committee went in back of pressed humorist welcomed him as a gleam of unusual good sunshine. They just going somewhere for a peck of fish shook hands-Ha te earnestly, and the committee-man decorously. "Mr. Harte," he said, gravely, "you

city."

"Ah!" said the pleased humorist. "Yes. The death rate is only one day.'

At this juncture Harte took the committee-man by the arm, and hurriedly

"Dead?" ejaculated the committeeman. "Who dead?" 'Why, the man for the day?"

e grave reply.

o the immovable face of a clerk here, or register, comething like that, of find out whether a man

ittee-man stared with all

tent, and return to the luxurious new led ?" gose so," slowly renan. ood, then, to find nce the lecture man is dead? all right, for I v to-morrow yself, and

"I am sorry, Mr.

flock they seem timid with regard to near at hand. Boys served round the you," he said; "But I neither domesticated nor wild dogs dare or silver pots. The company drank very That death rate I spoke of leisurely, frequently tasting, but not the average."

supper, they sometimes engaged in a Victor Hugo describes his return to France from the fourth exile, and gives the following account of Sedan. This paradise was a sepulchre; the valley serpent; the high hills in successive for. ridges surrounded this mysterious place like a triple rank of inexorable walls. singing; the ploughmen were going along whistling and singing; the sheep possibility, do his noblest or think and the doves here and there; the deepest, without a preparation of suf-

soliage shivered and whispered; the fering. thick grass was full of flowers. It was I esteem greatly the ignorance of a frightful He could see the blazing man who believes and confesses his sword of the angel trembling over the knowled valley. He gives a historical description of the battle of Sedan, and of the features of human nature, that, while defeat of the French army, which he we love those whom we have benefitted, assigns to the superior numbers of the we often hate those who have benefitted Germans. The Germans, he says, were us. the younger branches of the family. It three or perhaps four against one. The unknown is an ocean, and con-They had 250,000 men; they held the high ground, with an incomparably stronger artillery. The French army die which was below, had almost no artillery and no ammunition; they depend- cobweb-a thread-a twine-a rope-a bearers, in proof that he possessed ed only on their mitrailleuse. The cable. Venture not upon the first; the much more valuable chandeliers than Germans had the ambuscade; the French last is nearly past human effort to sunthose of silver exhibited to him in the had nothing except heroism. In der.

South. Old Gaelic poems mention wax | describing the battles after the Germans | candles as in use. The master of the had set fire to the villages, he continlights, an officer in the King of Wales' ues: The German artillery opens fire, and the French soldiers fall and die. and night. nousehold, was obliged to hold a taper Among the dead which cover the field, there was the corpse of an officer, on whose body was found, after the battle, a sealed note containing the following order, and signed "Napoleon:" "Today, 1st of September, there will be rest for the whole army." In about one regiments pell-n ell retreated to Sedan. trench many of his desires. But Sedan was in flames; the ambulances were too; there was nothing left but ces were too; there was nothing left but have strong wills; others only feeble to open a passage. The Third Zouaves, wishes." The proverb might have added from the rest of the army, they have opened a passage and escaped to Belgium it was a flight of lions. All at once, in the midst of disasters, amidst the in the midst of this unfortunate hero- himself. ism, comes the shame. The white flag is hoisted. There were Turenne and Vauban, both present, the former by the statue and the latter by the citadel. The statue and the citadel assisted in healthy fruit,

Lofty Homes.

The visitor in Edinburgh is generally

stand open, and there are children playdeep gardens and the railway sunk in there, and white curtains, and perhaps yourself too much at a time, and let ing after the sham wife and the snuff- Few fashionable people climb to these world. lofty homes, but let us try the experiment, and "see what we shall see." The first block is a black and lofty ten- that thrive and bear fruit, each after ement having an elevated sidewalk at its own kind. Cheerfulness is like the the second story, above the stores in widow's measure of meal-the more the second story, above the stores in the street. We pause before a tiny receiver and giver are enriched. window, scarcely as large as a napkin, and a narrow door, surmounted by a sign, "Cigars and Tobacco." With se- helping hand-the warm sympathy that vere crowding, we get into the box of a rejoices with those who weep. shop. There is a little counter, and or woman is so poor as not to be able to the young woman behind it seems to contribute largely to the happiness of fill the entire place, and makes a pretty the scenes to see him, and the de- picture of herself with jars of snuff and festoons of pipes for a background, She deprives us of health and life; riches talks rapidly and cheerfully, and seems are taken away from us by violence; well content with her lot. We spend a the talents of the mind depend upon the pleasant quarter of an hour with her, disposition of the body; the only thing make some trifling purchase, and withwill find this an unusually healthy draw. Then we enter a great stone hall and climb eight flights of stairs in high, is the stuff of which herolsm is an ancient tenement. This is not the made, by which the world is salted and top, for there are three more stories kept pure. It is the seed which bears above this. It is high enough, cer- fruit in martyrs, and makes men nobier tainly. A rosy-faced matron opens to than their nature-the demi-gods and our knock, and bids us welcome with profuse apologies, as she has just moved in and is "hardly scoured up." Sher culiar in our case, and we must take up like the little shop woman, is smiling our burdens in faith of heart that, if we and cheerful, and though manifestly are earnest and trifle not with temptapoor, would scorn to receive charity. The next visit is to a green-grocer's shop, a box of a place, piled with cab- selves. bages and tended by a lonely widow in faded black. She is busy with her trade, and we tarry with her but a mo- ness; the evil consequences of ment. More visits follow, and in every home we find frugality, thrift and con-

worshy poor. Au Old Story With a New Moral. On the evening following the day

town with increased respect for the

that the balloon went up from Fall River, Matt Maloney, on returning to the midst of a corrupt age. Daniel and his slab mansion, was met at the door his friends were remembered in their id, I cannot by Biddy in a high state of excitement, with the earnest exclamation: "O, Matt, there is a strange cat in the

"Put her out thin, and don't be bothr a heedless tone.

been striving to do that same ne's behind the big rid chest now, there. chase her out, will ye?"

"To be sure I will," says Mat. "Bad luck to her. "Will ye show her to me, respect for me house, the thafe of the upon, and each one is suspicious of his

No notices inserted for less than fifty

Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.

All local notices 10 cents a line for each in-

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Special contracts will be made for all adver-Transient advertisements always payable

Every-day cheerfulness is a fortune in itself. Sunshine does not have a more

marked effect on all around. If you begin by apologizing for what was round and deep as the bottom of a cannot be defended, you will end by crater; the crooked river resembled a defending what cannot be apologized

Satan's promises are like the meat that fowlers set before birds, which is The sun was burning; the birds were not meant to feed them, but to take It is doubtful if a man could, by any

knowledge to be confined to what he

science is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the

great mysterious pointings of the nee-Few men know the force of habit. A

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerful-

ness. Anoint the face morning, noon Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants

and admiration of fools. Man is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can and what he is willing to do; the only way hour everything was destroyed. The he has to increase his strength is to re-

dismayed, gave the example. Cut off that good health makes the will strong. while feeble bodies weaken it. The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, and the most

A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls

full of misery, is to be always doing immense piles of the dead and the dying, his own will, and seeking to please Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air, if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly

and colorless shoot, that will bear no The law imprinted on the hearts of awful state of the country! What all men is ciety as themselves. The eternal, universal, unchangeable law of all beings is to seek the good of one another, like

children of the same Father. As folly on the one side, though it should enjoy all it can desire, would, the old town, which tower to the sky as notwithstanding, never be content; so,

fied with its immediate conditions. The friend who pardons a wrong, acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man, and how-

If you are a wise man you will treat what you do show be calm, cool and

Kind words and smiles, and genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds

It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a those about them.

We have nothing of our own but our will; all the rest is not ours. Sickness that is truly our own is our will. The goodness which struggles and

battles, and goes down deep and soars the prophets of a better time, We have but the trials that are inci-

dent to humanity; there is nothing petion, God will support us, as in the vast fidelity of his providence, he has supported others as heavily laden as our-Guilt, though it may attain temporal

splendor, can never confer real happicrimes long survive their commissions, and, like the ghost of the murdered. forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Individuals are not overlooked or forgotten in the multitude. Individual faithfulness is noticed. Individual piety is rewarded. Jeremiah was not lost in captivity and raised to great honor. In a world of transgressors one faithful friend of God will not be forgotten, though he be the humblest of all.

Give us the country for true happiness, true men and true women. 'me about yer cat!" replied Mat, in affectation, no false pride, no hypocrisy, pure air, pure vegetables, pure water, pure milk and, in short, everything that is calculated to make one this two hours," replied Biddy. happy and contented can be found Contrast it with the city, and id would ye be after helpin' me to what a difference. Here we see haughty pride; men and women affecting to be much more than they really are; everything different, nothing real; vegetables stale, water impure, milk watered and and I'll soon teach her to have some chalked. We are constantly imposed

man I want," he said to himself. "When he has done my bidding I shall see to it that he speedlly disappears." An hour later the Minister of Police returned to the Winter Palace, accom-

panied by Baron Loigot D'Estang. The latter was a fine-looking, pol ished Frenchman. His face had rather a good-natured expression. Only every now and then a sinister giance from his black eyes indicated his true character, which was that of an infernal villian. In fact his misdeeds were much more numerous and horrible report of the Minister of Police.

He was ushered into the private cabinet of the Emperor Paul, who had meanwhile risen from his bed and put on the uniform of a Russian Field Mar-

D'Etang bowed with the ease of a

D'Estang. I have a notion to send you played in coming to St. Petersburg." The Frenchman turned deadly pale. "Your Majesty cannot be in earnest,"

he stammered. "I am in dead earnest, monster,

you forthwith to Irkutsk." "Mercy, mercy, Your Majesty!" "Jealousy!" he cried, stamping his cried the Frenchman, falling on hi

Paul kept silence for several minutes

"They say, Baron, that you are an "I am, Your Majesty."

"Are you sure you can kill any ad

versary that may be pitted against you? "Well, then, Baron," said the emperor Paul. "I have in my regiment of Life Guards, an officer, Count Ereshinsky, who has done something for which he deserves death, but I prefer not to have him executed. Challenge can I carry off his wife by main force." him, kill him, and you shall not be sent to Siberia. You can see Count Ereshinsky on parade to-day, in front of the Winter Palace. You know now

> what I want, Baron D'Etang?" The latter bowed and-"In twenty-four hours Count Ere-

mured.

"Now leave me, Baron," said the Czar: "but remember that my police will dog your steps until you have fulfilled your promise."

The Frenchman saw Count Ereshin-

As usual, swords were chosen for the

sky on parade and insulted him. They exchanged cards and a duel between them was arranged for the fol-

Count Ereshinsky did not know the terrible skill of hss unscrupulous antagonist. A minute after the duel commenced he fell, pierced through the left lung. He was conveyed to his residence, where he expired a few hours after, amid the lamentations of his young

wife and his son Stephen, whom a former wife had borne to him, and who was then a lad of sixteen.

And now occurred something really strange in this sombre affair. Baron D'Estang happened to see the young widow of his victim, and at once managed to gain access to her. She did not repulse him, for she wanted to Duruy tells me that he had picked a quarrel with her hus-

Intoxicated with the smiles of the

When Ereshinsky heard the French man's name, he said to him, "Are not

The failure of the heirs of the late

riet Cook, laid a plan to kill Smith, but failed. Mrs. Hampton, before her contained cellars, wash rooms, kitchens,

large halls. The second-story had fourteen apartments. The third story, or really the second story (the basement being under the ground) had twentyconvenient and well furnished. Brigham was a strict disciplinarian, but could not always keep down rows in the family. The Prophet rose early, dressed and shaved every morning, and then assembled his wives and children for prayer. After singing and prayer they went to breakfast, which was served in a large hall. Brigham sat at the head of the table and Lucy Decker, at the foot and poured out the coffee.

wished. It was to all appearance a evidently constrained feelingthemselves, and not even the boldest

room in order, making up the bed and sweeping. After breakfast the women walked out, sang, played the piano or sewed. Several of them embroidered beautifully, made colored cloth, and were very proud of their handiwork the ladies could go shopping or driving whenever they pleased. In the evening ham's wives and children had reserved seats. It is said the Prophet was very liberal and gave his wives plenty of

Shepherd Dogs.

ciate with other dogs or with the child-

Darwin tells us,

to Natural History, that

tal, South America, it

venture to attack them.

thing to see flocks of

one or two dogs, a

miles from an

method of cani

ticed, consists

charming creature, the Frenchman told | pin money. They had a dancing masall about the Emperor Paul having ter, a French teacher and an instruchired him to assassinate her husband, tor in music. During his latter years Then she drove him with fearful im- Young endeavored to give each of his precations from her preseace, and wrote favorite wives a cottage and \$1,000 a year the Czar a scathing letter, in which she in pin money. It is said be offered a

upbraided him for his infamous con- house and \$1,000 per annum to any good-looking young lady who would Paul, divining that the French bravo

The Countess Ereshinsky withdrew to her estates in Southern Russia, where she thenceforth led a most se-

In 1812 he was a colonel, and such

affair, sent for Count Ercshinsky, who

-Captain Paul Boynton has just made a trip down the Garonne river from days and fourteen hours, and met with a warm reception all along the voyage. soon as they get it, skulk away as if would cut it with a knife, which was committee-man. He will now undertake a voyage down

-Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, during other dogs, but when with their charge wine, both right and left, in earthen that information earlier. his stay in Paris, purchased pictures by celebrated artists to the amount of "That fellow, D'Estang, is just the \$200,000.

brought him up all the way by hand, and he used to butt me on the nose so affectionate like. Oh, m-e R-o-m-m-y down vaguely upon the coal scuttle,

The old man had just sat down to

"Why, papa; Rommy's gone." "Well all right let him go. I ain't tryin' to stop him. Pass me them fried

busted your head with a fence rail, if I'd a had to pay for the rail. "Haint you got no more bread in this

self to death, if he wants to." "Better cat your supper old woman

"I'll go crazy, I know I shall." There was a pause of silence as big as the Mammoth Cave for about a second,

"He's my c-a-a-a-t, an' somebody's

leaning over his yard gate he grabbed off his hat with the remark: "I'll bring it back in a minute; I'm

Celtic Feasts. Diodorus and Athenaus give curious ar at hand are their fire- asked:

they are served by

eir feasts con-

while very young, from its mother and | him in accustoming it to its future compan- separate tab ons. A ewe is held three or four times | Gauls took their a day for the little thing to suck, and a beds or cushlons nest of wool is made for it in the sheep | could agree they sat do pen. At no time is it allowed to asso- a circle. In the middle reckoned most worthy, eit ren of the family. From this education | rank or valor; and next it has no wish to leave the flock, and placed the person who gave just as another dog will defend its mas- tainment. The others were ter, man, so will this the sheep. On each according to his rank, Be the approach of a stranger, the dog im- the guests stood some who bore shields; mediately advances barking, and the a number of spearmen sat in a circle sheep cluster in his rear as if around the opposite to the others; and both took oldest ram. These dogs can be readily meat with their lords. It was the custaught to bring home the flock at a cer- tom to put the bread, broken into many tain hour in the evening. Their most pieces, on the table, with flesh out of troublesome fault when young is their the caldron, of all which the king or desire to play with the sheep, and in chief first tasted. Some would take night a s doing so they sometimes gallop their up whole joints with both hands, and harges unmercifully. They come to tear them in pieces with their teeth; hall, as I the house daily for some meat, and as but if the flesh were too tough, they Harte went do

ashamed of themselves. Away from the kept in a sheath, in a certain place

The Battle of Sedan. FOOD FOR THOUGHT.